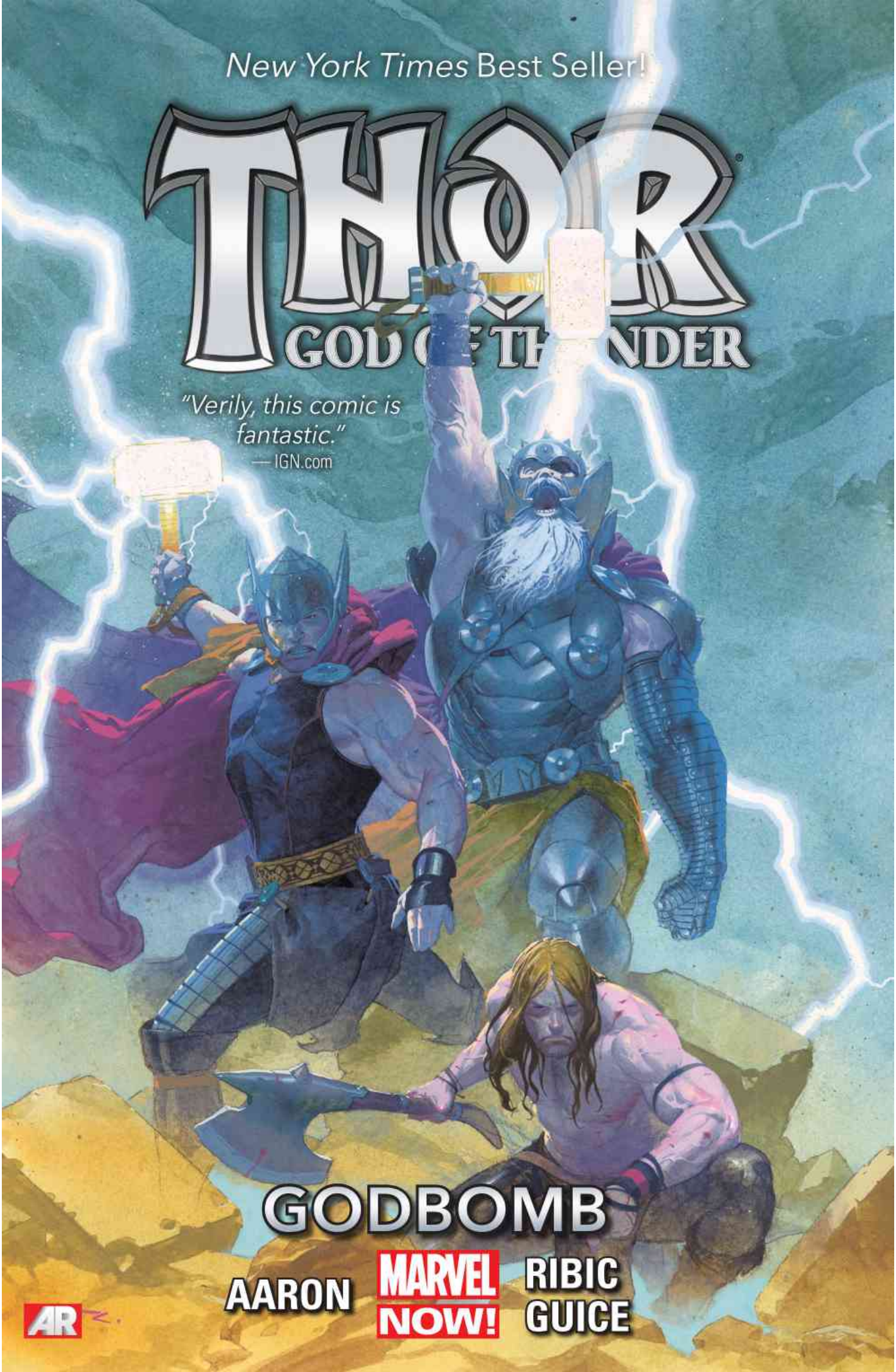
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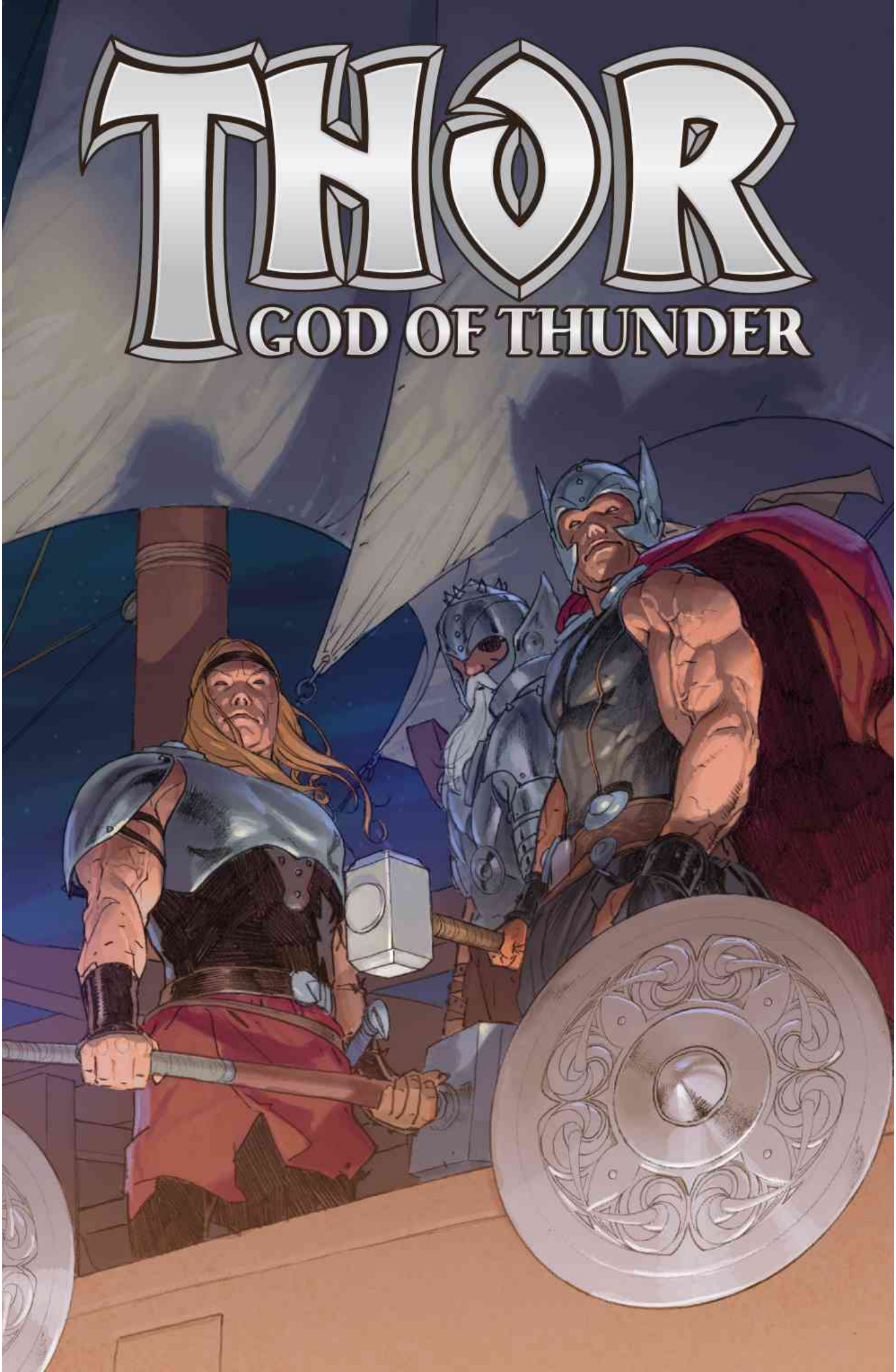
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GOD OF THUNDER

THOR
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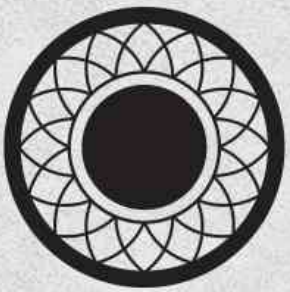
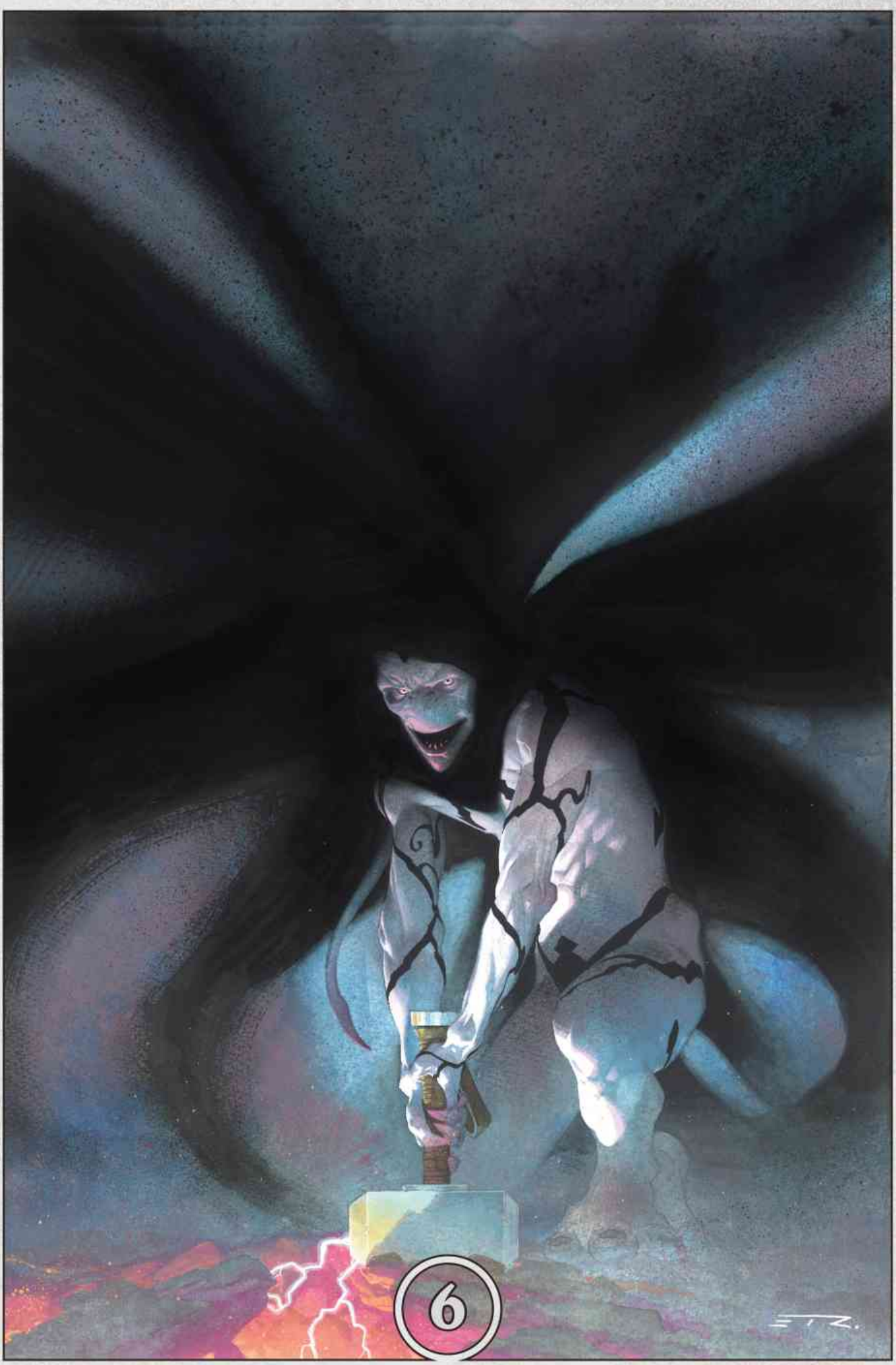
PREVIOUSLY

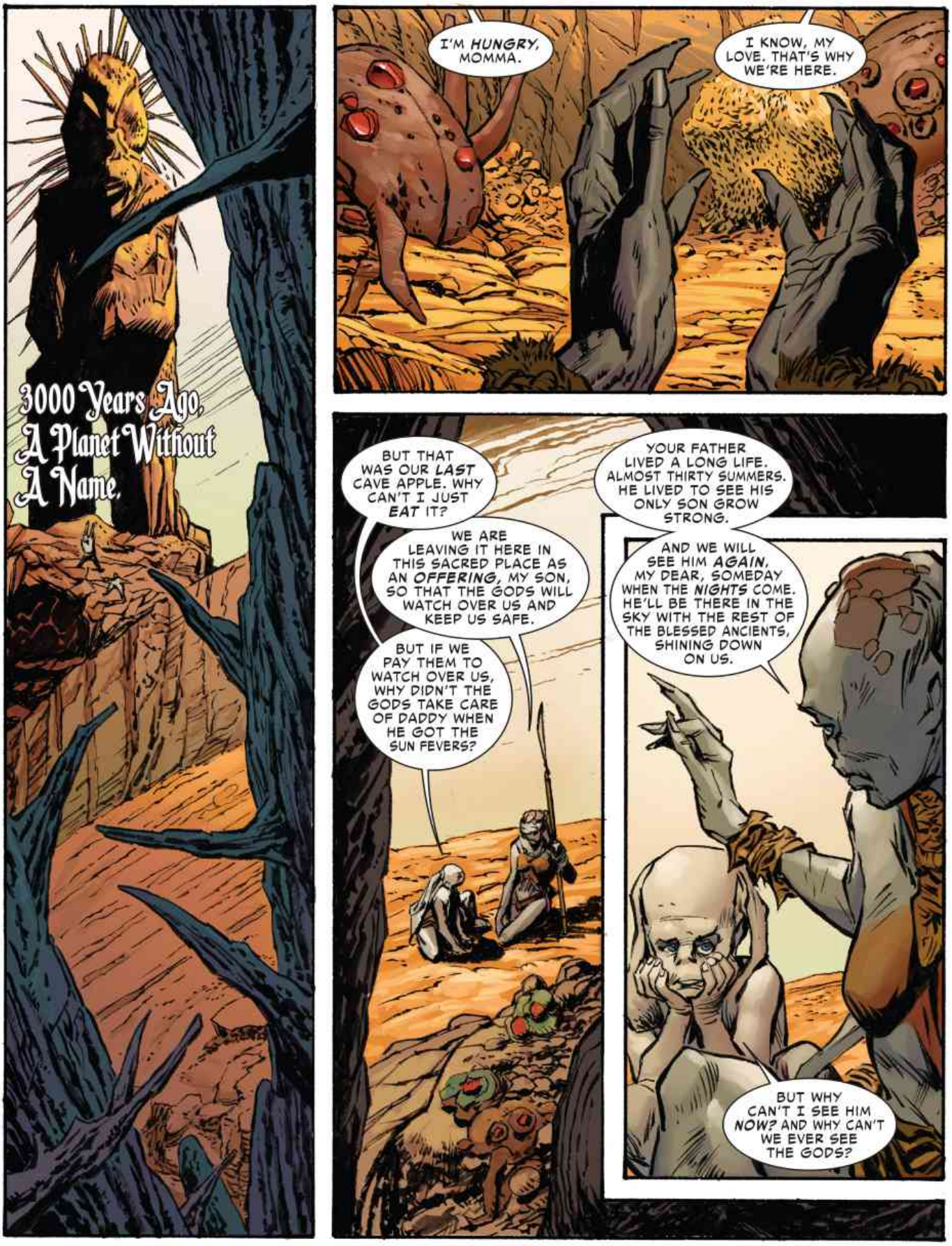
In a crusade spanning millennia, a creature known only as Gorr the God Butcher has vowed to kill all deities across the cosmos. After numerous encounters with Thor over the centuries, the God Butcher has finally revealed the horrific endgame to his mad quest.

But who is this strange being of deadly reckoning?

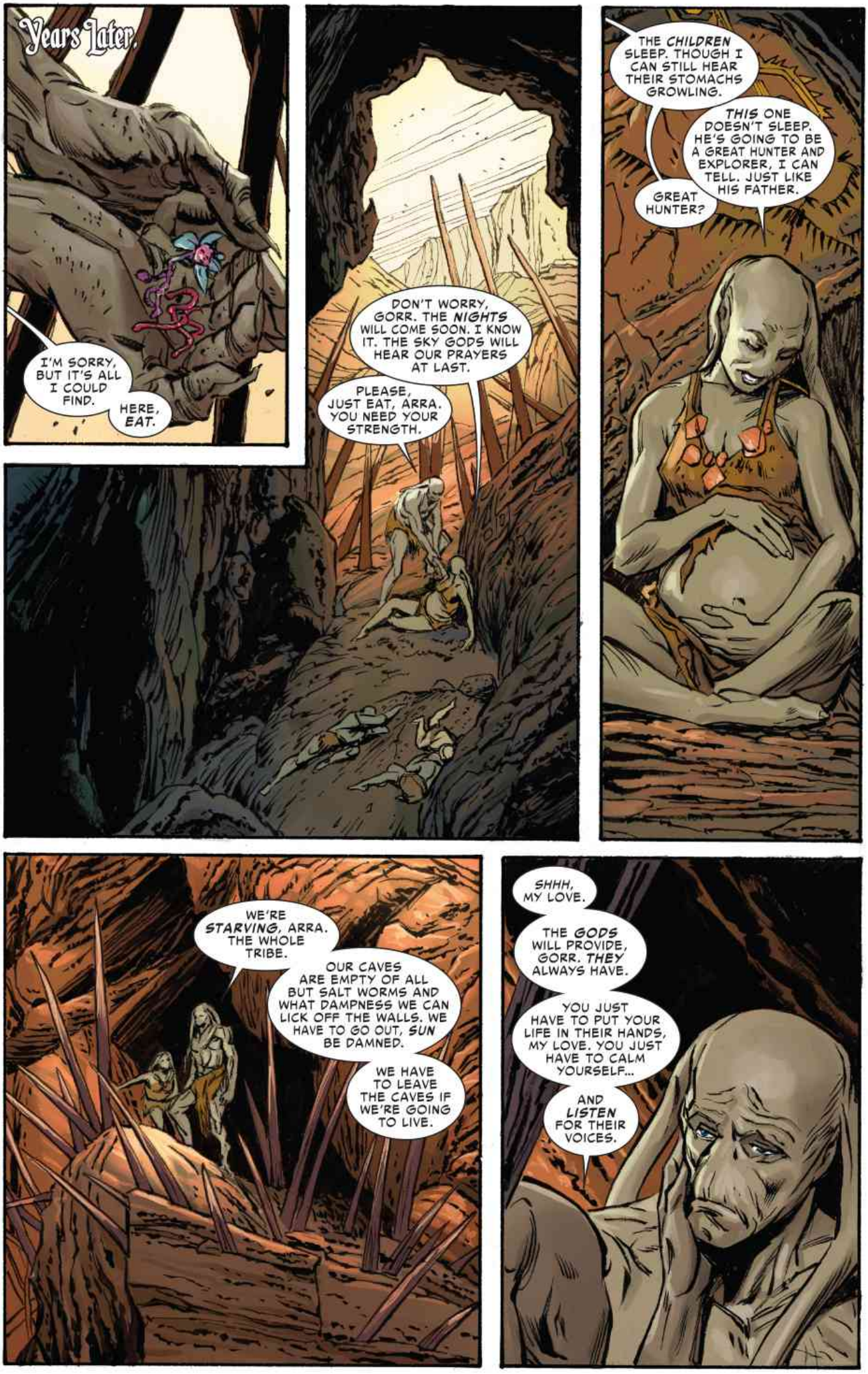




WHAT THE GODS HAVE WROUGHT

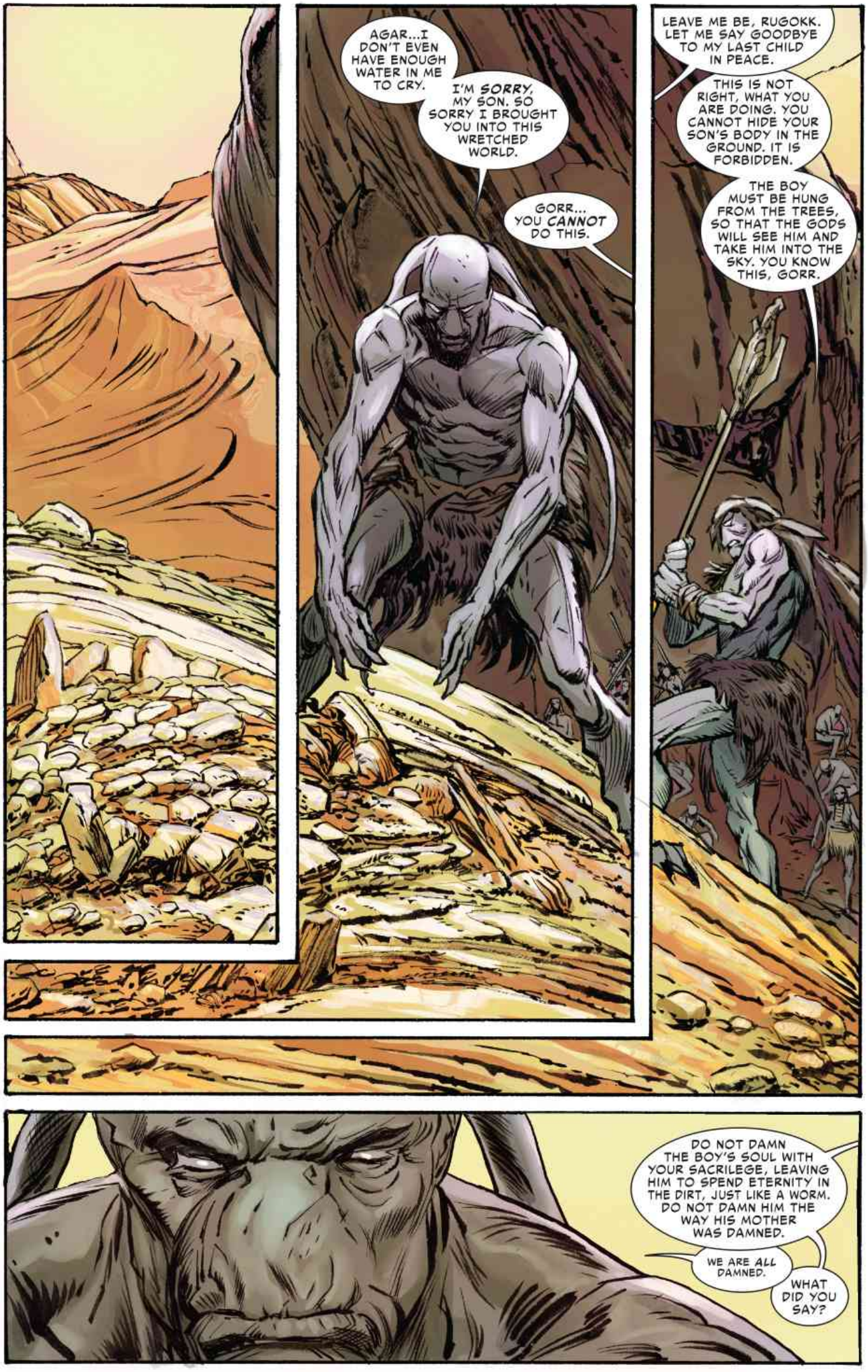

3000 Years Ago, A Planet Without A Name.
I'M HUNGRY, MOMMA.
I KNOW, MY LOVE. THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE.
BUT THAT WAS OUR LAST CAVE APPLE. WHY CAN'T I JUST EAT IT?
WE ARE LEAVING IT HERE IN THIS SACRED PLACE AS AN OFFERING, MY SON, SO THAT THE GODS WILL WATCH OVER US AND KEEP US SAFE.
BUT IF WE PAY THEM TO WATCH OVER US, WHY DIDN'T THE GODS TAKE CARE OF DADDY WHEN HE GOT THE SUN FEVERS?
YOUR FATHER LIVED A LONG LIFE. ALMOST THIRTY SUMMERS. HE LIVED TO SEE HIS ONLY SON GROW STRONG.
AND WE WILL SEE HIM AGAIN, MY DEAR, SOMEDAY WHEN THE NIGHTS COME. HE'LL BE THERE IN THE SKY WITH THE REST OF THE BLESSED ANCIENTS, SHINING DOWN ON US.
BUT WHY CAN'T I SEE HIM NOW? AND WHY CAN'T WE EVER SEE THE GODS?
YOU WILL SEE THEM SOMEDAY, ALL AROUND YOU, ONCE YOU TRULY BELIEVE.
I DO, MOMMA.
I THINK I DO.
ALWAYS HONOR THE GODS, MY SON, AND THEY WILL SHOWER YOU WITH BLESSINGS, AS THEY HAVE ME. YOU ARE MY GREATEST BLESSING. MY DARLING LITTLE BOY.
MY BELOVED GORR.

CRIKKKSSSSSS
MOMMA...?
ON YOUR FEET, GORR. QUICKLY.
SSSSSSSKAKAKA
SAND TIGERS! RUN, GORR! RUN AND DON'T LOOK BACK!
KAKAAA
KA-KA-KAKAKA
"AND MAY THE GODS WATCH OVER YOU...
AAAAAAARRGGHHHH
KAKAHISSSSSSH
"...JUST AS THEY HAVE WATCHED OVER ME."


Years Later.
I'M SORRY, BUT IT'S ALL I COULD FIND.
HERE, EAT.
DON'T WORRY, GORR. THE NIGHTS WILL COME SOON. I KNOW IT. THE SKY GODS WILL HEAR OUR PRAYERS AT LAST.
PLEASE, JUST EAT, ARRA. YOU NEED YOUR STRENGTH.
THE CHILDREN SLEEP. THOUGH I CAN STILL HEAR THEIR STOMACHS GROWLING.
THIS ONE DOESN'T SLEEP. HE'S GOING TO BE A GREAT HUNTER AND EXPLORER, I CAN TELL. JUST LIKE HIS FATHER.
GREAT HUNTER?
WE'RE STARVING, ARRA. THE WHOLE TRIBE.
OUR CAVES ARE EMPTY OF ALL BUT SALT WORMS AND WHAT DAMPNESS WE CAN LICK OFF THE WALLS. WE HAVE TO GO OUT, SUN BE DAMNED.
WE HAVE TO LEAVE THE CAVES IF WE'RE GOING TO LIVE.
SHHH, MY LOVE.
THE GODS WILL PROVIDE, GORR. THEY ALWAYS HAVE.
YOU JUST HAVE TO PUT YOUR LIFE IN THEIR HANDS, MY LOVE. YOU JUST HAVE TO CALM YOURSELF...
AND LISTEN FOR THEIR VOICES.

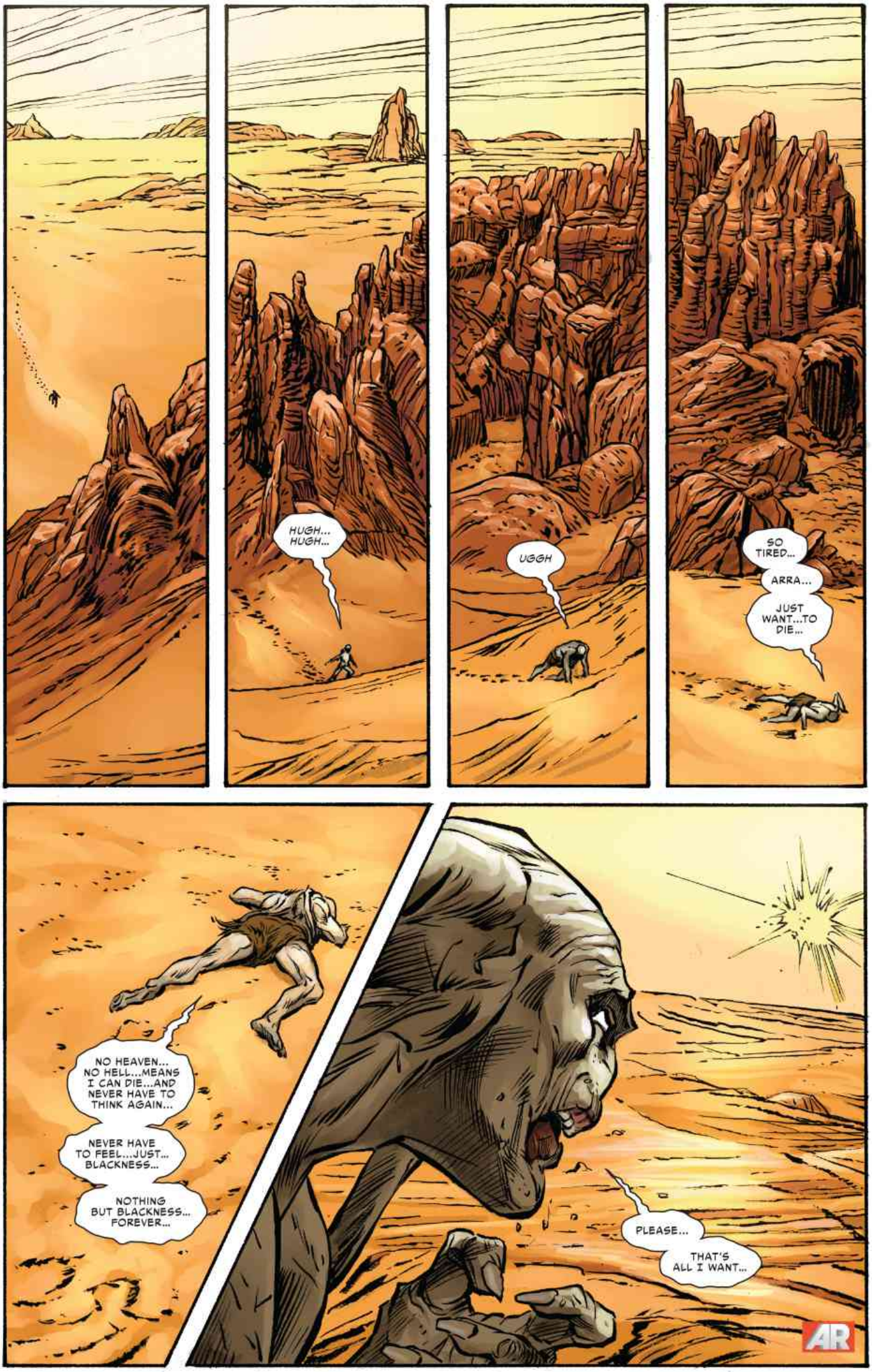
ARRA...
RRRUMMBLEEE
GORR! WHAT'S--
ARRA!!!
ARRA!!!!
GOD SAVE MEEEEEE!!!

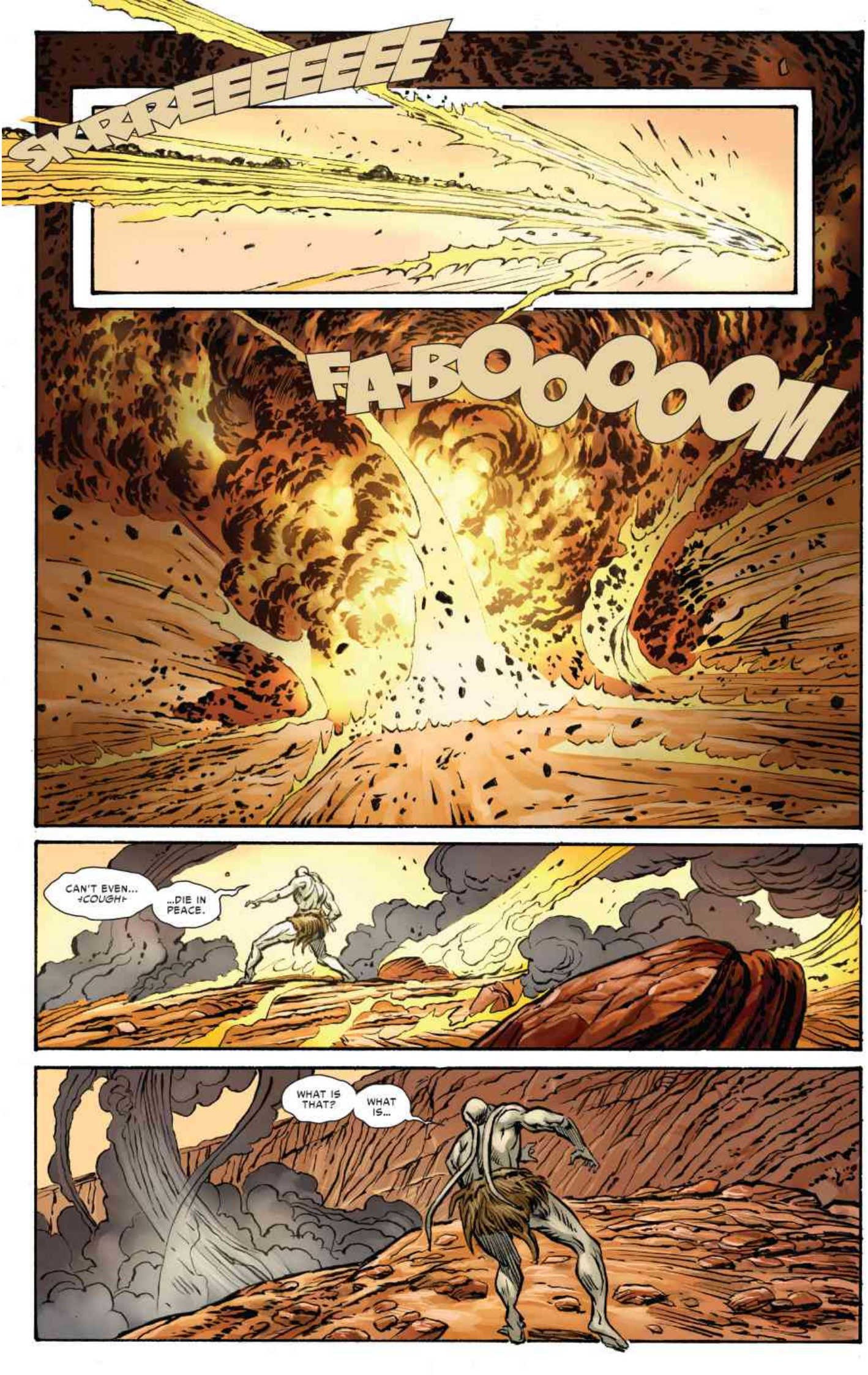
Months Later.
MOMMA?
WHERE'S MY MOMMA?
YOUR MOTHER HAS BEEN DEAD FOR SEVEN SANDSTORMS, AGAR. REST YOURSELF NOW. WE'LL BE THERE SOON.
MOMMA...IS *DEAD?* JUST LIKE... MY SISTERS, WITH THE SUN FEVERS. LIKE BAKK.
I TOLD HIM, DADDY. I TOLD HIM NOT TO EAT SO MANY STONES.
REST, MY SON. WE'RE ALMOST THERE.
I CAN SEE THE *FOREST* JUST AHEAD, JUST BEYOND THE NEXT HILL.
IS THERE A WATERFALL? I THINK I HEAR A WATERFALL.
YES, THERE'S A WATERFALL, AND TREES THICK WITH FRUIT. MORE THAN WE COULD EVER EAT. JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES, SON...
AND YOU'LL *NEVER* BE HUNGRY AGAIN.


AGAR...I DON'T EVEN HAVE ENOUGH WATER IN ME TO CRY.
I'M SORRY, MY SON. SO SORRY I BROUGHT YOU INTO THIS WRETCHED WORLD.
GORR... YOU CANNOT DO THIS.
LEAVE ME BE, RUGOKK. LET ME SAY GOODBYE TO MY LAST CHILD IN PEACE.
THIS IS NOT RIGHT, WHAT YOU ARE DOING. YOU CANNOT HIDE YOUR SON'S BODY IN THE GROUND. IT IS FORBIDDEN.
THE BOY MUST BE HUNG FROM THE TREES, SO THAT THE GODS WILL SEE HIM AND TAKE HIM INTO THE SKY. YOU KNOW THIS, GORR.
DO NOT DAMN THE BOY'S SOUL WITH YOUR SACRILEGE, LEAVING HIM TO SPEND ETERNITY IN THE DIRT, JUST LIKE A WORM. DO NOT DAMN HIM THE WAY HIS MOTHER WAS DAMNED.
WE ARE ALL DAMNED.
WHAT DID YOU SAY?

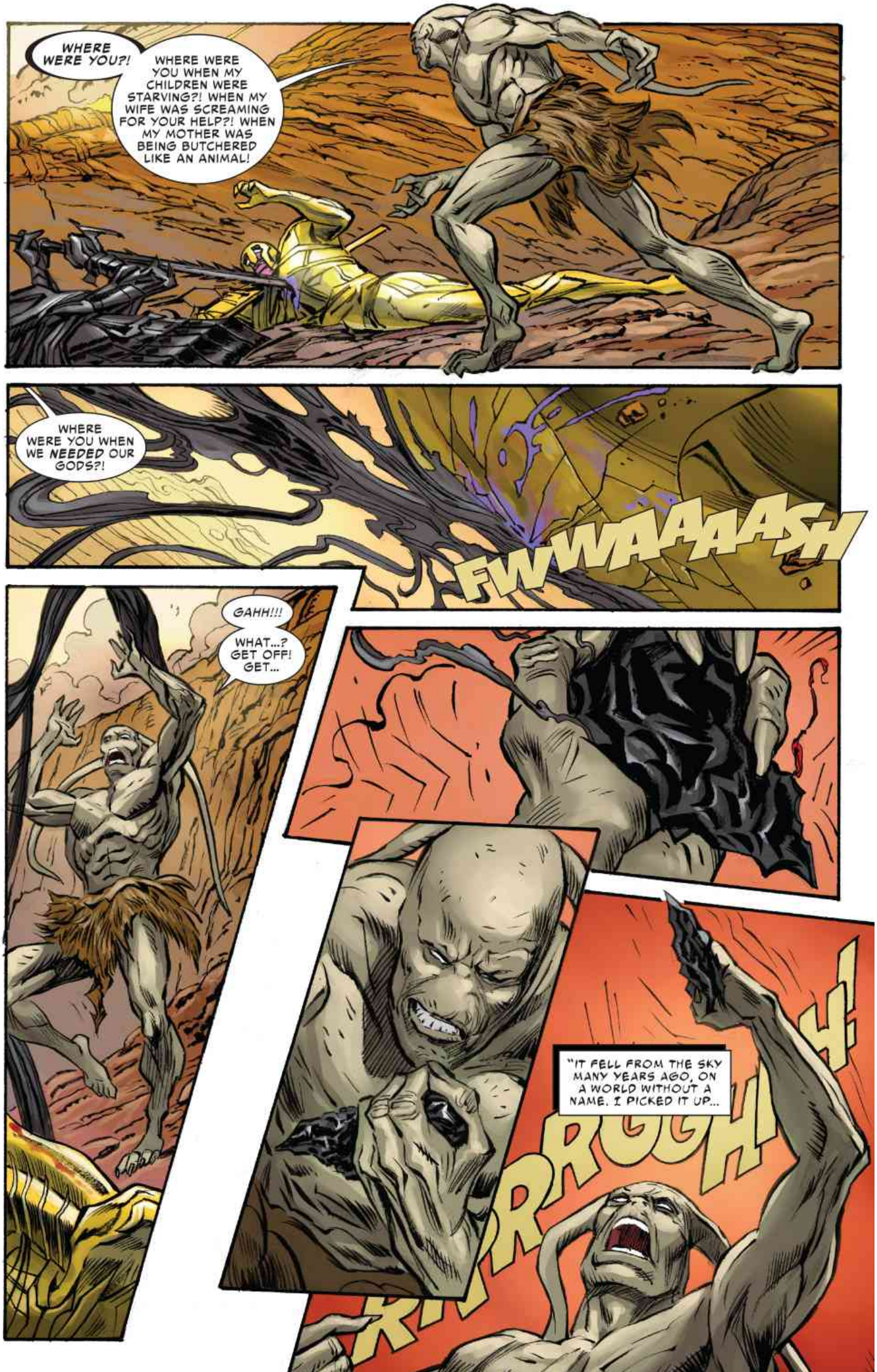
OPEN YOUR EYES, YOU IGNORANT BASTARD! WE MOVE FROM ONE DRIED-UP CAVE TO ANOTHER, EATING SLIME OFF THE BOTTOM OF ROCKS, LEAVING A TRAIL OF OUR DEAD BEHIND US, UNDER A SUN THAT WILL NEVER SET!
WE ARE ALL GOING TO STARVE AND BURN!
FORGET ABOUT YOUR MADE-UP DAMNATIONS! WE ARE ALL ALREADY DAMNED! RIGHT HERE! RIGHT NOW!
BE CAREFUL OF YOUR BLASPHEMIES, GORR. THE GODS HEAR YOUR EVERY WORD.
THE WAY THEY HEARD MY MOTHER'S PRAYERS, WHEN SHE WAS EATEN ALIVE RIGHT IN FRONT OF THEIR IDOL?
OR MY WIFE'S PRAYERS FROM AN ENTIRE LIFE LIVED IN OBEDIENCE TO THEM? MY WIFE, WHO WAS SUCKED INTO THE GROUND WITH OUR CHILD STILL IN HER BELLY?
GORR, YOU GO TOO FAR!
OR THE WAY THE GODS HEAR YOUR PRAYERS, ALL OF YOU, EVERY DAY!
AS YOU PRAY FOR FOOD AND RAIN! FOR THE COMFORT OF NIGHT!
AND YET ALL WE EVER FIND IS MORE SUN! MORE SUFFERING!
THE GODS DON'T HEAR YOUR PRAYERS BECAUSE THERE ARE NO GODS. THERE NEVER WERE.
NO GODS IN THE SKY. NO GODS WHO MADE US. NO GODS WATCHING OVER US. NO GODS WHO GIVE A DAMN.
THERE'S ONLY US. AND THE SOONER WE ACCEPT THAT, THE SOONER WE CAN--
UGGH

BLASPHEMER!
STONE HIM, BEFORE THE GODS HEAR HIS LIES!
HE'S OF THE BLACK GODS! I KNEW IT! HIS CRIPPLED LEG IS A SIGN.
LET'S EAT HIM!
NO! NO ONE TOUCHES HIM!
HE IS UNCLEAN. AND NOW, HE IS OUTCAST.
MAY THE GODS HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOUL, GORR.
THOUGH I EXPECT THE SUN WILL NOT.


HUGH... HUGH...
UGGH
SO TIRED...
ARRA...
JUST WANT...TO DIE...
NO HEAVEN... NO HELL...MEANS I CAN DIE...AND NEVER HAVE TO THINK AGAIN...
NEVER HAVE TO FEEL...JUST... BLACKNESS...
NOTHING BUT BLACKNESS... FOREVER...
PLEASE...
THAT'S ALL I WANT...

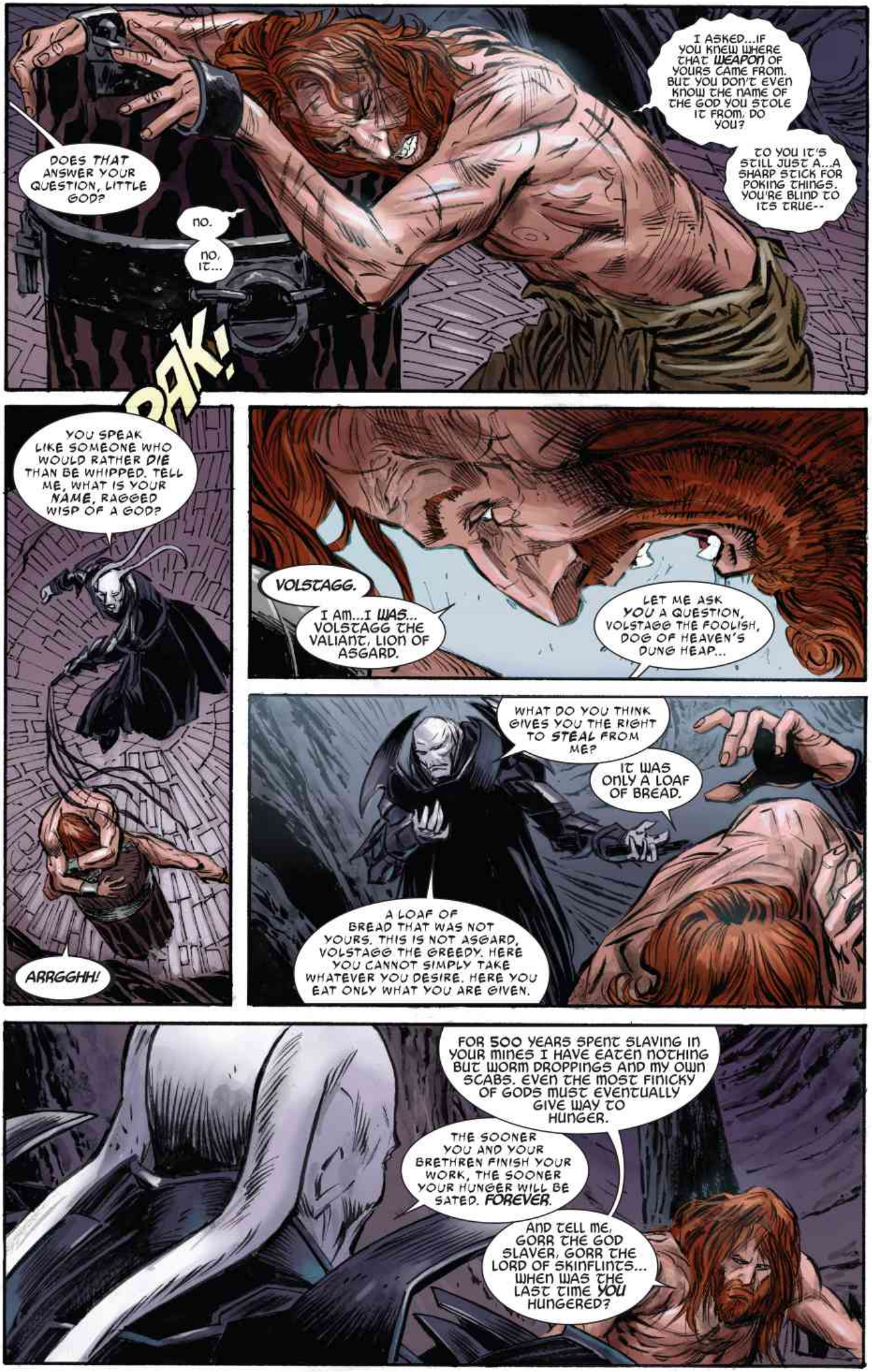

SKRRREEEEEEEE
FA-BOOOOOOM
CAN'T EVEN... *COUGH*
...DIE IN PEACE.
WHAT IS THAT?
WHAT IS...

GODS.
THERE WERE GODS ALL ALONG.
UGGHH...
UGH... HHHEE...
HELLO? CAN...CAN YOU TALK?
HEEEH...
HELP ME.
HELP...
...YOU?
HELP YOU?!


WHERE WERE YOU?!
WHERE WERE YOU WHEN MY CHILDREN WERE STARVING?! WHEN MY WIFE WAS SCREAMING FOR YOUR HELP?! WHEN MY MOTHER WAS BEING BUTCHERED LIKE AN ANIMAL!
WHERE WERE YOU WHEN WE NEEDED OUR GODS?!
FWWAAAAASH
GAHH!!!
WHAT...? GET OFF! GET...
"IT FELL FROM THE SKY MANY YEARS AGO, ON A WORLD WITHOUT A NAME. I PICKED IT UP...
RRRGH!

"AND BUTCHERED MY FIRST GODS.
"AND THEN AS I STOOD THERE, BAPTIZED IN THEIR BLOOD, A QUESTION FORMED IN MY SIMPLE LITTLE BRAIN...
"I WONDER IF THERE ARE MORE?

Many Centuries Later.
"AND OF COURSE, THERE WERE.
"SO I SET OUT TO FIND AND KILL THEM ALL."
KRAK!
KRAK!
KRAK!
KRAK!
WHICH BRINGS US TO OUR PRESENT SITUATION.


I ASKED...IF YOU KNEW WHERE THAT WEAPON OF YOURS CAME FROM. BUT YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW THE NAME OF THE GOD YOU STOLE IT FROM, DO YOU?
TO YOU IT'S STILL JUST A...A SHARP STICK FOR POKING THINGS. YOU'RE BLIND TO ITS TRUE--
DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION, LITTLE GOD?
no.
no, it...
PAK!
YOU SPEAK LIKE SOMEONE WHO WOULD RATHER DIE THAN BE WHIPPED. TELL ME, WHAT IS YOUR NAME, RAGGED WISP OF A GOD?
ARRGGHH!
VOLSTAGG.
I AM...I WAS... VOLSTAGG THE VALIANT, LION OF ASGARD.
LET ME ASK YOU A QUESTION, VOLSTAGG THE FOOLISH, DOG OF HEAVEN'S DUNG HEAP...
WHAT DO YOU THINK GIVES YOU THE RIGHT TO STEAL FROM ME?
IT WAS ONLY A LOAF OF BREAD.
A LOAF OF BREAD THAT WAS NOT YOURS. THIS IS NOT ASGARD, VOLSTAGG THE GREEDY. HERE YOU CANNOT SIMPLY TAKE WHATEVER YOU DESIRE. HERE YOU EAT ONLY WHAT YOU ARE GIVEN.
FOR 500 YEARS SPENT SLAVING IN YOUR MINES I HAVE EATEN NOTHING BUT WORM DROPPINGS AND MY OWN SCABS. EVEN THE MOST FINICKY OF GODS MUST EVENTUALLY GIVE WAY TO HUNGER.
THE SOONER YOU AND YOUR BRETHREN FINISH YOUR WORK, THE SOONER YOUR HUNGER WILL BE SATED. FOREVER.
AND TELL ME, GORR THE GOD SLAVER, GORR THE LORD OF SKINFLINTS... WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU HUNGERED?

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU CLOSED YOUR EYES AND SLEPT? CAN YOU EVEN REMEMBER?
I WILL SLEEP WHEN MY WORK IS DONE!
WHEN ALL WORLDS ARE FREE FROM THE TYRANNY OF HEAVENS!
KRAK!
HHHRRGGH
YOU POOR, BLIND FOOL...
YOU'LL NEVER KILL ALL THE GODS, NO MATTER WHAT WEAPON YOU WIELD. NO MATTER WHAT THAT THING IS YOU'RE BUILDING OUT THERE.
YOU ASGARDIANS, STUBBORN TO THE VERY END.
DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE STILL WAITING FOR YOUR FRIEND WITH THE MAGIC HAMMER TO COME AND SAVE YOU?
NO. NOT EVEN THE ALL-FATHER CAN SAVE ME NOW.
BUT EVEN IF YOU KILL ME AND KILL EVERY OTHER GOD IN CREATION, EVEN THE MIGHTY THOR...
IN THE END, THERE WILL STILL BE ONE GOD LEFT, WON'T THERE, GORR?
YOU.
WHAT DID YOU SAY?

LOOK AT YOURSELF. LOOK AT WHAT THAT WEAPON HAS DONE TO YOU.
YOU'VE BEEN ALIVE FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, MURDERING AS YOU PLEASE. YOU'VE RAZED WORLDS AND BUILT YOUR OWN. YOU'VE PUT GODS IN CHAINS.
WHAT ARE YOU, IF NOT A GOD YOURSELF?
THE MOST FOUL AND DESPICABLE GOD I'VE EVER KNOWN.
WHAT? NO MORE WHIPPING? BACK TO EATING WORM POOP IN THE MINES FOR OLD VOLSTAGG, I SUP--
THWACK!
ARRRGGHH!!!

YOU MAY COME OUT NOW.
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED. HE CAN'T HURT YOU.
COME HERE. WHY ARE YOU SPYING ON ME?
I'M HUNGRY.
HUNGRY? MY SON DOES NOT GO HUNGRY.
COME. WE'LL HAVE ONE OF THE SLAVES FIX WHATEVER YOU LIKE.
WHEN WILL ALL THE BAD GODS BE GONE, FATHER?
SOON, MY SON.
VERY SOON.